



"I thought it was you I saw coming up the hill," she said, stretching out her hand.

He stopped and shook it; the touch of his big, firm fingers made her tremble. His hand was massive and hard as if it were hewn of stone. She looked up at him and smiled.

"Isn't it cold?" she said. It is terrible to be desirous of saying all sorts of passionate things, while convention debars you from any but the most commonplace. (Excerpts from chapter 1.)

Mrs. Craddock

Mrs. Craddock

Read by Tony Oliva
Total running time: 11:08:57

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